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Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



FROM THE METROPOLIS TO THE PORKOPOLIS.
DEO GRATIAS! APPRECIATED AT LAST!

"PUCK".

No. 13 North William Street, New York

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon. KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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ADIEU, THOMAS!

THEODORE THOMAS goes and Gilmore returns. But what is Pat to Theodore? We never knew what we had until we lost it. So Pat returns to us with explanatory letters to the newspapers, while Theodore leaves us in a halo of benefits.

He has been benefited at the Garden; he has been benefited at Steinway Hall; and but for his sudden exodus he was to be benefited in our streets.

The band which is led by the man who plays the extremely sharp piccolo, flat, had determined to attack Wagner for a week and turn over its pennies to Theodore.

But what is Theodore's loss is their gain: (\$1.13 as estimated—beer not included.)

So with his honors and these losses Mr. Thomas goes to Cincinnati. He leaves a stupid people whom he tried to raise up to his musical standpoint, for another people who appreciate him in advance.

They prove it by their dollars.

We all remember the pig-organ, by which an ingenious musician extracted music from the high squeal of the piggy to the deep grunt of the old porker by merely pinching their respective tails.

That was extracting music from pork.

It is Mr. Thomas's proud boast that he is carrying music to pork. He leaves the stupid people of the Metropolis to tickle the more delicate ears of Porkopolis.

And those ears are larger. And they can wag. And the mouths (see cartoon) of the Porkopolis audiences can smile more openly, as it were, than the mouths of the unappreciative in this benighted town.

By-bye, Thomas! For all you have done for music Puck gives you God-speed. But in Porkopolis—take care that the music of your audience does not drown the softer harmonies of your band.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

IT is often noticed that crimes are epidemic; that disasters follow each other, in kind, like waves upon the beach; that one railway disaster, one strange suicide, one mining explosion, is ever followed, within a few days, by other horrors of like nature.

Recently a cow-boy unearthed the body of a beautiful girl, stuffed in a barrel. The attempts to identify the body brought fathers and mothers from far and near, in vain endeavors to recognize the remains.

And the result of their vain endeavors was that the public had it thrust upon them that numerous beautiful girls had been led astray, had succumbed to temptation; had tried to hide their shame; and had—disappeared.

The papers are filled with stories of poor unfortunates, who throw away their misbegotten offspring, and are locked up in jail therefor; of pretty but frail ones, who meet their lovers in lonely woods and are found days after, with their throats cut—"nobody" being "to blame;" and the Potter's Fields all over the country are filled with unknown graves.

Puck would like to be always funny; but this is not a funny subject. Puck's ambition is to be a great public teacher, and in the face of terrors like these must not Puck tell the truth?

Recently Puck took his dairy lunch; and the pretty maid who served him could hardly serve him that day, for she was *meandering* (the word is used advisedly) around a nice young man, who was persuading her to make an appointment with her that evening, in Madison Square.

That young man is well known at the Hotel Brunswick.

That young man has often sat on the box seats of the prettiest coaches of the Coaching Club.

That young man, also, is—married.

Now tell us, please, how long before that young girl will be found, dead, in a barrel?

These are sad words, and Puck *hates*, aye, hates to write sad words. But Hood wrote the "Song of a Shirt," and he told the story of one more unfortunate. His words are indelibly imprinted on the hearts of all men. Can Puck follow in the footsteps of a nobler exemplar?

But there is, after all, a ludicrous side to the question. The picture of a burly coroner, and a stupid justice, and a dozen or less of sleepy jurors, sitting in a hotel room, with drinks convenient, trying, discussing, and adjudicating these horrible tragedies, has an element of the ridiculous in it. Puck could make a very funny picture thereanent.

But with beautiful girls lying dead in barrels, floating dead in rivers, found mutilated in lonely copses, Puck has no heart to be funny. Puck can only hope that these are his last sad words to say.

GRAN'PA COOPER'S UPAS TREE.

THE *Tribune* was right when it said that it was not PUCK, but papa Cooper who made papa Cooper ridiculous. And it is a very unpleasant duty to tell unsavory truths about so good an old man.

He has led a life of benevolence and usefulness.

But he has slipped into the last stage of Shakspeare's seven ages of man. He appears to be sans sense, "sans everything." He is watering the roots of his greenback-tree, and he never sees the upas atmosphere which destroys everything around it; he never looks at the horrible fruit which it must surely bear.

The clear result to the workingman can be easily seen. With plenty of greenbacks in circulation he can get plenty of work, and plenty

of wages. A good stout hod-carrier during inflation times ought to receive about twenty-five dollars for a day's work of six hours.

Then, everybody being rich, and money plenty, he can strike and receive fifty dollars for a day's work of four hours.

Then he will pay a dollar for his schooner of beer, and beef will be seventy-five cents a pound, and flour \$100 a barrel. Shoemakers will charge fifty dollars for brogans, house-rents will jump to horrible prices, and the elevated railways will raise their fares into dollars.

But still the laboring man will be happy until—the debt has to be paid.

When the whole country is mortgaged;

When cities are laid waste;

When Commerce is wrecked, and routes of transit are deserted, and another New Zealander sees a ruined waste where once rested the UNITED STATES;—then, when papa Cooper has been peacefully laid away to rest, the tree which he is so fondly nourishing will bear most terrible fruit.

Please, papa Cooper, get a good shave, a "hair-cut," and a cooling shampoo; sit down on your air-cushion, fan your overladen brow; read these words of PUCK, go back on Allen and Butler, and be a better man.

COURTNEY, THE OARSMAN.

MR. CHARLES E. COURTNEY, the defeated (?) oarsman at Montreal, may congratulate himself that the pressure of other subjects prevented PUCK from honoring him with a first-page cartoon.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to those gentlemen who honestly laid their money upon him.

GLADSTONE FOR PRESIDENT.

If Gladstone gives us any more articles in the *North American Review* like "Kin Beyond Sea," PUCK will endeavor to get him the Democratic nomination for President in 1880. It is true that the Hawarden wood-cutter was not born in the United States, but if he crosses the Atlantic in the steerage and is smuggled in at Castle Garden, John Kelly and Sammy Tilden will soon get over such little drawbacks. The trouble is that Conkling might not like it. Should Gladstone be defeated, he can always fall back on his axe—there is still a good supply of timber out west, and, as winter is coming on, he might even find employment east, and teach Kearney Greek, as Dennis sadly needs another language to swear in.

A PRETTY French maid is a *bonne bonne*.

LIKE Joseph's coat, political dispatches are party-colored.

WHEN a man marries a moneyed lady, can the alliance not be called a tin wedding—for him?

"A WOMAN in Bladensburg, Va., recently gave birth to three girls and two boys." A full hand, by the living Jingo!

449 STRAND, London, is a very convenient sort of establishment for the American traveler who wishes to find out "how not to be done" in London, or in any other part of the tight little island, where there is such a loose way of doing so many things. Messrs. Henry F. Gillig & Co. are Bankers and Agents, and are proprietors of most comfortable Exchange and Reading-Rooms, and, above all, are English Agents for PUCK.

A TIME-LY TOPIC.

WHAT is it that's shouted, howled and sung
By every class, in every tongue,
By old and middle-aged and young?

Grandfather's Clock.

What is it that I hear all day,
That's whistled from Dan to Beershe-ba,
That every piano's made to play?

Grandfather's Clock.

At night, what rouses me from bed?
At work, what starts my aching head?
At home, what's hummed by wife and maid?

Grandfather's Clock.

What *weights* for no one, *works* apace,
Confronts all *hands* with brazen *face*,
And *springs* at them from every *place*?

Grandfather's Clock.

AN OBSERVING CONVICT.

I AM a ex-convic', I am; but that ain't no reason why I shooodent hev my say. I seen in the papers as how Talmage, the preacher, got hisself took around Cappen Will-yums's precinct fer ter git a idea uv how concert saloons and tiger shops and fancy houses wuz run. Well, now, I've been around a bit meself, and I've seed some mighty queer places, and the wust of 'em all wuz these gospil shops.

Out in Penciltany were I wuz last, they wuz a Catholick preest took up fer murder, and in Pittsburg the hole town wuz in a uprore about a teller wot run a gospil Baptis mill, and wot cut up some capers wot ain't nice fer ter print. In Trenton, I heerd tell uv a minister chap wot got hisself accused of sich cuttin' up that the mos' scanderlous noozepapers woodent publish wot it wuz, and, so help me gracious, ef he ain't hed or a gals' school up in New York State, hevin' hed to leave Trenton a-fli-ing.

In Keyport, N. J., they iz a parson wot iz accused or hevin' used languidge in the poolpit wot a yaller dog woodent use at a man wot licked him—I meen if he cood talk. P. S.—I meen the yaller dog. In Jersey City, there iz Mistur Vozbug, which got hisself accused or buyin' poison and a-tryin' fer ter poyson his wife, and which denied it, and which was seen drinkin' beer into a Dutch garding, and which spoke to a temprunz meetin' only t'other day in New Yawk. And the same day they wuz a Holy go, which his name was Loyd, and he spoke to anuther temprunz meeting, and, only a year ago, he got hisself accused of drinkin' sours and smashes and cocktales and strates all 'round town, and also uv bein' in the company uv anuther man's wife—the uthar man not bein' him. Then there's a feller name or Bleecker, wot got hisself took up fur somethin', and all the Holy Jo's cum around and sez, "Oh, no; not by no means;" yet he wuz tuk up before that, and now agen he's a doin' a long term north fer house-brakin', by grashus!

And then they's a story wot a cop told onto a parson Pratt, and the woman she sed it were a trew bill, it bein' all about a certun loud behaveyer into the Central Park, which the parson man was discharged. And then there's a preest wot died from drunkness up-town las' month, hevin' been found drunk once before into a gutter. And then they's Father Dunn, which iz 'pooted as a swindlur uv poor peeple, by grashus. And then they's Gilman, which wuz so lookt up to, and which is now doing time fer the State. And then they's a cullud Holy Jo in Willyumsbug which hed a child—thet is, anuther woman hed it—which he weren't the father uv it—that iz, he were its father, but not itz husband—I should say, she weren't her husband's father, that's wot I meen. Anyway, this cullud man he got hisself took up fer steelin' pertatoes, by grashus. And then they's Beecher. I needn't say no more.

BILL SYKES.

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

II.

THE VOLUNTEER CONCERT FIEND.



THIS Fiend starts into full life at the time of any disaster. If a Brooklyn theatre sends up its holocaust of victims; if a railway bridge crushes thousands of happy wives and children into miserable orphans and widows; if a jolly excursion steamer bursts its rotten boiler, sending a shock of horror over the land—then, when the charitable heart beats with tender pity for the bereft, when purses are open, and the nation is aroused to good deeds; then, the Concert Fiend volunteers to sing at a Benefit.

He nudges the reporters; he button-holes the musical critics; he visits the editorial rooms; he tells how he sang *Hecate* in "Macbeth," in Dublin, London, and Edinboro'. How Parepa said he had the most "magnificent organ" she ever heard.

(And so she did, but she added—"unaccompanied by a monkey and a man to turn the handle.")

How Ted Seguin, being indisposed, he sang *Devilshoof*, and that the voice of the entire press in Kalamazoo pronounced it a triumph of art.

Reporters, critics and editors are disposed to put these little reminiscences down as rather fabulous. But the man has a charitable heart. He is willing to help a holy cause, the sacred cause of charity. He proffers his services; it is only fair to give him the printed eulogium he asks.

So he gets it.

He becomes in the daily papers:

MR. FRANKOWITCH,

The Famous Basso of the British Opera.

This settled, his advertisement gets him sundry hot Scotchies; he borrows some clothes from his feeblest brother-in-law; and he goes upon the stage to sing for the poor orphan. He sings the "Pro peccatis," and his voice is of brass, so that the man of the trombone wilts; and the orchestra generally goes wild, while the conductor flourishes his baton, *not* at his band, but in frantic appeals to the singer to sing—not to howl.

The audience being a charitable one, is charitable also to the celebrated Frankowitch.

It encores him.

He comes on again, prouder than ever. He sings "Oh! Ho, Oh! Ho, Simon the Cellarer," and the "Sexton's Song," and he opens his mouth to such an extent, to get out his brazen bass notes, that his suspenders burst, and his unfortunate brother-in-law's trousers begin to sink—to sink low by degrees, and lower still—every note of "ga-a-ather them in," sending those ill-fitting trousers down a peg lower, until all the men in the audience want him to gather them in—and all the ladies flutter their fans before their faces, wondering how much further this thing is to go.

But with a sailor-hitch he gets off the stage, and hies him to the editorial rooms to get himself well noticed.

Do you recognize him?

Wait till your next benefit concert for a charity. You will see him there. E. S. L.

COSTUMING AS A FINE ART.

A Puck reporter has had the inestimable privilege of inspecting the wardrobe of Mr. Billy Smirch, the celebrated negro minstrel, who has recently arrived from Europe. The costumes are of a most elaborate character, and entirely put those of all our most prominent actresses in the shade by the costliness of their material, the beauty of their design, and the elegance of their ornamentation.

The greater number are from the ateliers of renowned Parisian artists, the whole of them being designed by Mr. Ruskin, the well-known English art critic. They comprise a choice suit for the representation of the "Water-Melon Man"—consisting of a pair of superb ancient carpet-slippers, down at heel, with a small but chastely-wrought piece of soleing under the ball of the left big toe. Nor are the coat and hat on a less scale of magnificence. The former is of the choicest soiled fustian, with broken buttons to match, with irregular insertions of blue and green counterpanes. The *chapeau* has a movable crown, is most exquisitely mashed in—its color is dark drab, relieved by grease spots *de rigueur*.

Another handsome suit, in which Mr. Billy Smirch is to appear in his emotional rôle of the "Funny Moke," consists of a most costly and dazzling pair of choicest threadbare mattress-ticking, baggy trousers, that fall symmetrically over the shinbone. But the most remarkable and delicate feature of this triumph of the art of the *costumier*, is the artistic and realistic patch in the seat of the breeches.

To give this a graceful appearance and proper tone, cost Worth many sleepless nights, and at last he devised a means of carrying out his idea by inducing Mr. Billy Smirch to put on the breeches and be dragged along the floor. Mr. Worth attended to this matter in person.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

If woman's faithless, man, you'll find,
Is oft inconstant as the wind,
And circumstances blind him;
The Frenchman, 'scaped from prison walls,
With ne'er a loving thought recalls
The galley left behind him.

AMERICA.

"America's the only place
Where freedom reigns supreme,"
Said Sam (scorn on his face).
Said Pat, "America! 'twould seem
You've read yer ancient hist'ry wrong.
'Tis tould in story, legend, song—
America's but a corruption of l'Amerique,
The Frinch for my own native city Limerick!"

CLOSE QUARTERS.



1. "Be the powers!" said Mr. O'Flanagan to himself, "this is the mansion of the venerable Docther Penuckle, where me adored Bridget Malloy is quane of the culinary department. Oi'll go in and make her a visit."



2. And he did. And they drank the health of the ould counthry till the door-bell rang. "It's the ould folks!" said Miss Malloy, greatly agitated.



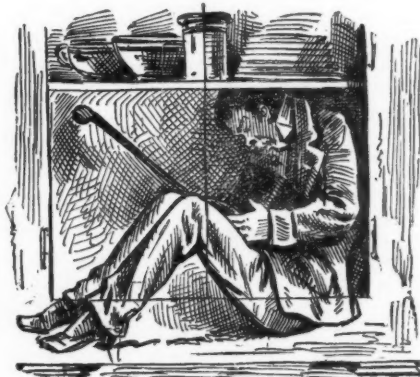
3. "Pat, get into this mate-safe, will yez?" And the warrior bowed his haughty crest and tamed his heart of fire, and got into the meat-safe.



4. The Doctor and Mrs. Penuckle came down to the kitchen on their nightly tour of inspection. They had come home after the first act of the opera, Mrs. Penuckle's nerves being unequal to the strain of Wagner. Said nerves were destined to a further shock when she discovered on the kitchen-floor a male glove, size 18½.



5. "Go to your room, unhappy woman! We will speak of this to-morrow." The unhappy woman went.



6. But Mr. O'Flanagan stayed—begorra!

SHANKS, THE PEDESTRIAN.

THERE was a time when I was of no importance socially or politically. But now wherever I go people look at me with wonder and admiration, and whisper, "There goes Shanks, the long distance pedestrian, you know. Two hundred miles in twenty-four hours!" Whenever I chance to visit a bar-room, as I sometimes do to see what time it is, the loungers cease their conversation and observe, "There's"—hic—"there's Shanks! Won—wonderful feller. Two hundred miles an hour. Fact, s' help me."

So it goes. I am too celebrated for my own peace of mind.

Before pedestrianism became the fashion I was simply no go, as the phrase is. I might as well have tried to sit upon the back of my neck as borrow a quarter. I could do nothing but walk. I used to pace the sidewalk of a certain street, mornings, until a policeman remonstrated. "You are a nuisance," he said, "you are not useful, and blow me if you are ornamental. They can't hitch a horse to you, 'cause a horse-post mustn't perambulate. You're no good as a sign-board, 'cause you ain't thicker 'n a shadow set up edgeways. You'd better toddle off. The corporation can't keep you in sidewalk, you know."

I tried letter-carrying for a while, but that occupation wasn't up to my genius. I made too many mistakes. On one occasion I delivered a gentleman's private postal card to his wife. The mail exposed a female and there

was an explosion. I suffered. I next walked Broadway between two advertising signs. That too failed because my feet got mixed with other people's feet, and humanity is so uncharitable.

My good genius appeared in the shape of Justice Oldcock, before whom I had been taken to give my reasons for sleeping in the gutter. "Shanks," said he, "you're either a bummer or a genius. I'm inclined to think the latter. If so, your genius lies in your feet. Such a pair of hoofs was never turned out of Nature's workshop since Noah's flood. If you can't make them support you, I'm mistaken in your understandings. Go to the Tombs, Shanks, for ten days. Think the matter over in quiet. Come out, walk and make your fortune. Next!"

I took his advice, walked in public, and succeeded. Behold, then, the poor Shanks, who, ten days before would gladly have hypothecated his future hopes for a square meal, raised to eminence. I am famous. People are anxious about the dimensions of my legs. The state of my digestion is of more importance than the state of the country. The public is feverish when I insist upon horseradish or cocoanut pie, and can only be calmed when I submit to beef-tea and gruel. The newspapers discuss the state of the corn upon my great toe. I hear that Congress is about to vote me a medal—but that is aside. I interview reporters between ten and twelve A.M., and keep a pugilist for the benefit of tract-deliverers and book-agents.

Do I not richly deserve my fame? What nobler sight can greet the public eye than that

of a slim man, with a small head and huge feet, clutching two silver-headed corn-cobs, ambling round a track with the gait of a lame horse, and flapping his arms like the wings of a turkey-buzzard as he goes? Is it a wonder that people who will not sit out two acts of "Hamlet" will sit countless hours watching me shamble on like a goat in a cider-mill? I'm an intellectual amusement; I raise the tone of the public mind.

In conclusion, I wish to observe that I may tire of popularity; I may retire to the calm precincts of the City Hall. The power of walking one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours is certain evidence of executive ability. When a man can sail into the city government in a shell-boat, or crawl through fifteen consecutive bull's-eyes to the justice's bench, why should not Shanks walk into the mayoralty? Consider me then a candidate.

KYLE HILDRETH.

THE *Sun* calls attention to the fact that in every one of the recent murder sensations there is "a woman in the case." In the Staten Island Mystery, we may remark, there is a woman in the barrel.

KEARNEY may justly merit the odium which is attached to his name; he may be a villainous character in every sense of the term, but no one can come forward and prove that he plays on the cornet.

CLOSE QUARTERS.



7. "It's a foine contortionist was thrown away in me!" said Mr. O'Flanagan, gracefully changing his position.



8. "Sure, it's india-rubber me bones is made of," he soliloquized, getting in a new twist.



9. But the bottom of the meat-safe was not. "Now, if the dure was only open, it's comparatively comfortable I'd be," said Mr. O'Flanagan.



10. "Did you hear that?" said Mrs. Penuckle to the Doctor. "I did," said the Doctor. "Get up, my lord, and see what it was," said Mrs. P. "Arise yourself, my angel," responded the Doctor.



11. A compromise was effected, and they both got up. On reaching the kitchen they were met by the meat-safe, Mr. O'Flanagan furnishing the motive power. Macbeth, when he observed the approach of Birnam wood, was more dignified in his remarks; but the Penuckle family legged it quicker than Macbeth ever did in all his life.



12. The neighborhood was aroused, and an attack in force was made upon the meat-safe. And THEN Mr. O'Flanagan emerged, placidly remarking: "Gentlemen, it strokes me oi've mistaken the house. Me excellent friend Mither Muldoon don't happen to reside here, does he?"

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3, 1878.

Dear Puck:

I hasten (I wrote this a week ago, but forgot to mail it) to send you a correct report of the reception of the Chinese Embassy by the President. It occurred last Saturday in the White House. I was there (just wait till you see my hotel-bill), and so was the President. The *Herald* man wasn't there. He was up in F street; copying the Chinese letters on the chests in the Glaze Amellican Tea Company's store, because the *Herald* ordered exact copies of the original letters of introduction. (The manager of the tea company had previously copied the characters out of the day-book and ledger of a Chinese laundry.)

The President and his Cabinet and I were loafing around the front yard, when we saw the Chinese folks coming up the street, some eating boiled rats with their fingers and teeth, and others balancing umbrellas on their chins; we ran in the house and stood around the parlor, looking as if we had been there until we were almost tired out. The Chinese folks rung the front-door bell, and the servant ran into the parlor to see if he should say we were in, or had "just stepped out." I said I was in, and so did the Cabinet. The President is a little airish, so he waited till we had done, then he said he was in, too; that is, he "guessed he was."

Then the Chinese folks were shown in. Chin-lan-pin wore a fancy table-cloth and two

silk pillow-cases. He had a sort of a soup-tureen, upside down, on his head, and a big gold button on the front of his table-cloth. (By the way, wouldn't it be a good idea for our officials to wear a big button-hole in their coats?) Yong-wing had a yellow shirt, worn a *la Dickey Doot*—i.e. with its narratives exposed—a soup-tureen, and green overalls.

Chin-lan-pin bowed—so did Yong-wing, so did the Cabinet, and so did I. The President waited a little; then he bowed. Presently Chin-lan-pin cleared his throat and spoke up as follows:

"How do? Me Chinaman from San Francisco, same time Hong-Kong. Me makee catchee one fat thing. Me come Mellikee, chop-chop, start um joss house in Washington. Makee heap muckee money. Me makee do nothing, alle time eat puppy dog, catchee lats (i.e. rats), cookee lice. Hab belly good time. You come Chinaman's house, me makee good fleud. Bimeby me come your house, git drunk and laise hell. One man in China, he glate big man, lib in white house alle same Peking—he gibbee me much paper, tellee me makee gib paper to you, topside. You makee talkee alle same me time."

The President had not understood one word of this, but I explained hurriedly that he was to take the paper and reply to the Embassy.

"Fellow Chinese," said the President, "I warm to you. I am glad you escaped the ravages of the sea, and I'm glad Kearney was not in San Francisco when you landed there. I will look over the beautiful price-list you have

handed me, and if I find your rates for washing gentlemen's linen are reasonable, I'll drop my last week's bundle in your place on my way down-town in the morning."

I was chagrined, and so was the Cabinet—but there was a way out of the dilemma. The Embassy had not understood a word Mr. Hayes said, and Mr. Evarts promised to send them some choice sentiments written down ready for translation and shipment to China. Mr. Hayes attributes his unfortunate speech to pardonable ignorance, and to some champagne concealed in oranges that he partook of at a friend's house in the morning. He enjoys the knowledge that the *Herald* unconsciously committed a similar error. I thought he'd choke with laughter when I read to him the "translation of the address" from the *Herald*, as an indignant member of the Embassy, who understood a little English, translated it to me. It ran like this:

"CHING-LONG LAUNDRY.

"Tuesday.—In come one man he say I losee one ticket, you gib me my clothes. I say you no got ticket I no got clothes. He kick up one bobbery makee damn. Same time hittee me with flat ilon, knock me out thlee my teeth, blake me my head, one p'leeceman makee catchee me, me gib one p'leeceman ten dollar, two p'leeceman ten dollar. P'leeceman makee lockee me up. Nex day me gib one m:n Judge twenty dollar, go home catchee one doctor."

PHIL FULLER.

We call good bread a loaf and ill-bred a loafer.

A RHYME OF THE RAIL.

AS I homeward was returning from a holiday sojourning,
To burn a weed I went into the cheerful smoking-car,
For I've learned there is no medium better to relieve the tedium
Of a journey than the smoking of an excellent cigar.

Near the door by which I entered, I observed attention centred
On a loosely-jointed person, who reclined upon a seat
In an attitude ungainly, which told on-lookers plainly
That he cared not for surroundings, being wrapped in slumber sweet.

On his breast his head was sunken, his extremities a trunk on.
A trunk that stood before him with one-handle in the aisle,
And he smiled his satisfaction at his slumberous inaction,
As the rapid train rushed onward o'er the rails mile after mile.

Entered in the ticket-taker, followed by a baggage-breaker—
Spoke they to the sleeping stranger, but he answered not a word.
The conductor took his ticket—from his hat-band did he pick it—
And he punched it and returned it, but the sleeper never stirred.

The officials then grew bolder and they shook him by the shoulder,
When he opened wide his optics, full of wonder and surprise,
And he asked them why the devil they should act so blamed uncivil,
And disturb his oscitation just as he had closed his eyes.

The conductor answered mildly, "Now, my friend, don't talk so wildly,
I'll explain the situation in two puffs of a cigar;
I do not wish to bore you, but that trunk that stands before you
Must go at once—and quickly, too—to the forward baggage-car.

For no doubt you've read the notice where this passage that I quote is:
'No baggage can be carried in this portion of the train;
But all and sundry pieces, carpets-bags and trunks, valises,
Boxes, all impedimenta, go into the luggage wain.' "

Though spoken to thus frankly, the sleepy man stared blankly,
And surveyed the two officials with indifference sublime,
Then changing his position, he consigned them to perdition,
And bade them take a journey to a superheated clime.

Said the brakeman in a passion, "Now don't talk in that mad fashion,
Nor unto your own interest be willfully stone blind,
Or I shall feel an obligation, at the next ensuing station,
If you won't obey our orders, to leave that trunk behind."

But as dumb as any oyster, the sleeper never voiced a-
Nother syllable to token that their threatenings he had heard;
So the brakeman moved the sandals of the man, and seized the handles
Of the trunk and slung it overboard without another word.

Then the bland conductor "naively" spoke unto the stranger suavely,
"I hope you will acquit me of a wish to injure you,
But the regulations leave me no choice (although it grieve me),
The trunk had to go overboard, so overboard it flew."

Said the man to the conductor, as he lit and softly sucked a
Mild Havana 'twixt his lips, "For me don't fret and pine;
Doubtless, as you understand it, you obeyed the company's mandate,
But I don't care a continental, for the old trunk *wasn't mine*."

W. M. LINDSAY.

EDITORIAL SCULLERS.

ONE day last week a number of New York editors went out for a row. When you see him in a boat, you have the average editor at a disadvantage. But when fired by the reckless ambition of his tribe, and, regardless of consequences, he plunges into a race-boat, you may as well anticipate the worst. Doubt if you will his sanity, his courage gives no cause for question. This story is a true one.

The leading light in the "Dauntless" crew was a Greek nobleman weighing 280 lbs. He was stroke-oar, and suggested the name "Dauntless." The bow was a Fulton Market millionaire of editorial aspirations and commercial achievements, who demanded to be placed in front. The third was a noted athlete and feather-weight champion. He officiated as coxswain. Captain Ribbons, a noted writer, led the light-weights. In journalism this class is very extensive, so Ribbons had to exercise his best ingenuity in selecting his men. He was stroke. The bow-oar was a writer from Brooklyn, hence of well-developed quality of nerve. The coxswain was a young author, which is, perhaps, the severest thing that can be said of him. The referee and time-keeper was a Mr. Plummer.

The Greek nobleman experienced much difficulty in entering his scull, 300 lbs. of ballast being necessary to steady the boat. The gunwale was scarcely a foot above water. The actual referee being late, a self-appointed starter took the matter in hand, and gave the word to the boats separately. The result was that the heavy-weights got over three minutes ahead of their competitors. Both crews pulled heroically against wind and current. While thus engaged they saw the referee rowing fiercely from the shore. He demanded that the race begin anew. The heavy-weights slacked to parley with him, but the light-weights pulled right ahead. They reached the first quarter of a mile five minutes before the heavy-weights had ceased arguing with the referee. But an unforeseen difficulty confronted the light-weights—they could not find the float which marked the quarter-mile. The coxswain made audible complaint that it was not large enough, and

some discussion on that point followed. It became so acrimonious that it was decided to pull to the shore and decide it.

Meanwhile the heavy-weights, led by the fiery Greek, were plowing the waves, and the coxswain's countenance was radiant as he reported each few minutes that the light-weights were nowhere in sight. Accompanying the Greek's crew was a 28-foot jolly-boat containing divers—in a sundry, not maritime sense—journalists. Though their boat offered no facilities for speed and only two men were rowing, it was with the utmost difficulty that they held themselves back to the heavy-weights. True to tell, the time made by the latter was not remarkable. Indeed, people from the shore thought they were being gently carried along by the tide. Their efforts, however, were Herculean. But the slow time was due to lack of unison. One man persisted in feathering his oar, while the Greek nobleman, whose heart was in the race, kept plunging his oar deep into the waves and spattering the coxswain. Several times his fiery ardor came near swamping the boat; but by a deft use of his hands, feet and straw hat, the coxswain saved the lives of those on board. He also encouraged the crew from time to time by such remarks as, "They are nowhere in sight." At this the Greek would plunge his oar still deeper, and gasp as he whirled around the boat. When the heavy-weights, exhausted with their efforts, reached the float, the light-weights (who were wrangling on shore) were nowhere to be seen. Buoyed up by their triumph, the heavy-weights, led by the Greek, departed for drinks. Meanwhile the light-weights emerged from the seclusion of the shore and claimed the race. But alas! Where was the referee?

He was two miles up the river, chafing at the non-appearance of the crews.

Drinks made the heavy-weights more genial, and the light-weights more conciliatory. It was resolved to count the quarter-mile a draw and to race back. The referee was summoned to be on hand. The start home was inspiring, but the light-weights shot ahead. Then the heavy-weights resolved to dispense with their coxswain (300 lbs.), and the Greek nobleman urged forward the boat. The tide had turned and was very strong. The light-weights,

being exhausted, turned suddenly and rowed for the shore. All interest was concentrated on the Greek. For about a minute he did nobly, when suddenly (his boat being without coxswain) he ran into a pleasure sculler on the water and upset him. The pleasure sculler thereupon "went for him," and began chasing the Greek around the river. The umpire's substitute took off his coat and called the race a "draw." Then the actual umpire arrived, and went in a boat in search of the rival crews. The blood of the Greek was fevered, and he challenged the bystanders to row him singly. This offer was not received favorably. The Greek thereupon arose and declared himself the winner. The umpire pleaded that he had been away. Both crews then took the steamboat for New York. Timely notice will be given in Puck of their next scull.

E. H.

ON THE PROVIDENCE BOAT.



THOUGHTLESS FRIEND—"Give it up, Jim; let her go, and you'll feel all right."

THRIFTY NEW ENGLANDER (*defiant in agony*)—"Let her go? I ain't treatin' Long Island Sound to no \$1.50 dinners, I ain't!"

BALLADES.

A BALLADE FOR DWELLERS IN TOWN.

SOME men for solitude are sighing,
And seek a desolate retreat;
Some men are sad except when lying
On hillsides where the lambkins beat,
And some where boundless billows beat
Contented dwell in cottage pretty:
For me the town is ever sweet—
I cannot live but in the city.

Amid the selling and the buying,
Where many men in trade compete,
Amid the city's ceaseless crying,
Happy I roam with aimless feet;
I know the ropes, I know each cheat,
As any singer knows his ditty.
I know the turns of every street—
I cannot live but in the city.

Although the weather may be trying,
Although the dust rise round my feet,
Although the scorching blast be flying,
Although I feel the slanting sleet—
I love the town, in cold or heat;
If you do not, your taste I pity;
I love the town, I still repeat—
I cannot live but in the city.

ENVOY.

Prince or peasant, I think it meet
To say in words more wise than witty:
For happiness, take my receipt—
I cannot live but in the city. J. B. M.

A BALLADE OF THE SEA.

THE waves are rising, roaring, sweeping;
The air is chill, the sky is gray,
The clouds once and again are weeping,
The iron ship speeds on its way.
For but a moment's ease I pray,
I do not fear, indeed, to drown,
But hate to see the winds at play—
The waves go up—the waves go down.

The iron ship, its straight course keeping,
An open path ahead must fray,
Through restless waters never sleeping,
In ocean wide or narrow bay,
In motion ever, night and day.
I wish I were a-bed in town,
For here, in spite of all I say,
The waves go up—the waves go down.

On land the sunset's slowly creeping
O'er hills whereon the shadows stray;
In rosy red the sun is steeping
The meadows redolent with hay.
At sea the wind flings high the spray,
It wets me through from toe to crown;
At sea, beneath the setting ray,
The waves go up—the waves go down!

ENVOY.

Prince of the Waves! as best I may,
I would I could avert thy frown;
My stomach still I cannot stay—
The waves go up—the waves go down. A. Z.

OPHIR A LODGE!

The *World* says that the Trustees of the Roman Catholic College at Manhattanville have purchased Ben Halladay's mansion on Ophir farm, and forty acres round about it, with the intention of removing the college there. Ophir an ophir to let us o-phir such a farm. O, phir be it from us to refuse.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LVIII.

THE CRICKET MATCH.



Ya-as, the last time I aw wote, yer know, I weferred to cwicket and to the aw Austwilians that came he-ah to play against the Amerwican fellows, who are aw, by the way, not Amerwicans at all, but Bwewish fellows who are obliged to take up their wesidence in this countwy, because it isn't convenient for them to wemain at home.

Although Jack and I didn't take any extwa-ordinarwy interwest in the Austwilians, still, as they belonged to us aw, we thought it would perwhaps be the pwopah thing to just aw honah the aw match with our pwesence.

A horwible nuisance to get to the cwicket gwound—have to cwow the wiver in a ferwy-boat. I have aw descwibed these arwange-ments befaw. We weached the gwound, which is situated in a countwy town called Hobwoken, derwived, I suppose, fwom the bwoken char-wacter of the woads, fences, and some of the aw aw houses in the neighborhood. This village, Jack says, is wenowned for its be-ah. I was pweailed upon to dwink some, but I found it was that peculiar hog-washy stuff that I have descwibed on a pwevious occasion. I am informed that, in stwict accordance with the Constitution of the United States, only aw German fellows have the pwivilege of bwewing this aw be-ah. But I mustn't wander fwom the subject. The cwicket gwound he-ah—after Lords, Pwince's, and the Oval, yer know—is a wetched place; quite an apology for a pavilion, with verwy inferwiah furniture—in fact aw none at all.

The club who are the pwopwietors of this aw shed call themselves the St. George's, which, of course, is quite the corwect and Bwewish thing to do.

All the eighteen Amerwican cwicketers wore wed caps, and the Austwilians had bluestwiped coverwings for their aw heads. Jack and I, yer know, had talked to some of the team befaw when we wan against them at the Orleans Club, in town, at the aw time they twied to play, and aw did play with Thornton's eleven. So they pwofessed—and pwobably wightly, too—to know me again.

Amerwicans haven't bwains enough to ap-pweciate cwicket, and therefore there were extwemely few people there—only some Bwewish twadesmen and bwokah fellows, with a spwinkling of ladies—nobody, yer know, that Jack and I could comfortably fwaternize with. Our style of fellow doesn't come out to Amerwica, and if he does, there is no attwaction for him to wemain.

The Amerwican eighteen were aw, yer know, of course beaten—altho', 'pon my soul, they didn't wace after the ball badly, and succeeded in making some tolerwable catches aw; and one fellow, wather, indeed, weally quite a fine big, well-put-together Anglo-Amerwican cwicketah—called him Mash, I think—managed in one of the innings to score twenty-five wuns. Verwy good aw.

Stwange stuff some of the Amerwican bowl-ing. It wolled along the gwound to the aw wicket just as little childwen woll aw—what-d'ye-call-them?—marbles. Quite too awfully beastly, yer know, I should say, for a stwukah who likes wespectable balls. The fellow who wolled these things was formerly a wowndah playah, which aw game is called, in this countwy, base-ball.

A DISCREET RESTAURANT-KEEPER.



CUSTOMER—"Look here, this meat is tainted. It's quite offensive."

RESTAURANT-KEEPER—"Yes, I think you're right, but I didn't tell you—I thought it might spoil your appetite."

Puckerings.

"THE times that tried men's soles"—Pedestrian contests.

"SCHUYLER COLFAX is lecturing against the Mormons." In Congress Smiley never objected to Mormoney.

THE gate-keeper of a bridge in Monmouth county always passes his sweetheart free. He never tolled his love.

THE man who sold a valuable claim in the Nevada mining regions for a paper of tobacco, "didn't know it was loaded."

WHEN a young man falls heir to all his father's wealth, he should not be guilty of parsimony with Pa's money.

THE exchange editor of the Albany *Argus* has a bountiful supply of scissors and paste in his office, but not a drop of ink.

THE THEATRES.

MANAGER ABBEY has given us another amusing novelty—"Bouquets and Bombshells." Although Mr. Shannon has translated and adapted it from the German of Moser, he has not succeeded in giving it an English tone. No British hussar captain of the present time ever went mooning about here, there, and everywhere, in his uniform, and cutting such capers as Mr. Shannon makes him.

MODJESKA continues to delight numerous and select audiences by her chaste, if we may use the term, personation of *Camille* at the Fifth Avenue.

Answers for the Anxious.

K. H.—It will do, as you see.

T. O. P.—No room there. Try the bottom.

HASELTINE.—Let her join the good cause.

ARTFUL DODGER.—It will not do, young man. You can't come that game on us. We don't put advertisements in the editorial pages of PUCK, under the guise of political articles. Advertising rates can be obtained on application.

A DRUGGIST, Boston.—So you wish to know what our artist means by giving Josiah G. Abbott, the candidate for Governor, four-jointed fingers. You must be a pretty sort of fellow to enjoy the rights of citizenship, you must. Brace yourself up with aqua fortis; then go and make the acquaintance of your local politicians, and, above all, get an opportunity of shaking hands with Mr. Abbott.

PUCK.

INFANTICIDE.



THE ARREST.





TEMPTATION.

THE LAST MEETING WITH HER LOVER.

THE END.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

VI.

THE TRUFFLES.

Adapted from the French of EDOUARD MARTIN and ALBERT MONNIER by B. B. VALLENTINE.

(Concluded.)

BOREALL (*seated on the sofa, and sniffing in the direction of the kitchen*).

Ah! how deliciously it smells. It is perfectly heavenly.

EDMUND (*apart*).
Now it is my turn.

BOREALL.
Edmund, it looks for all the world like an infant in its cradle. How you'll relish it. Ah, we'll relish it together.

EDMUND (*sitting next to him*).
Have you seen this album?

BOREALL.
The album? (*Aside*) Lucy has told him.
EDMUND (*opens it and points to a portrait*).
Do you know this gentleman?

BOREALL.
A gentleman. (*Aside*) She hasn't told him. Not bad, 'pon my soul.

EDMUND.
Do you recollect if you ever saw him?

BOREALL (*examining it*).
Wait a minute, wait a minute.

EDMUND (*rising*).
Well?

BOREALL (*rising*).
Whenever I see photographs, I always imagine that I know the faces, and then I find that I don't.

EDMUND.
You are quite sure?

BOREALL.
Quite sure.

EDMUND.
Well, so much the better.

BOREALL.
Why so?

EDMUND (*briskly*).
The world is full of disagreeable gossip.

BOREALL.
And what can they find to say about this man in connection with me? I don't know him—I never saw him.

EDMUND.
Oh, it has nothing to do with you, but with—with Mrs. Boreall.

BOREALL.
Angelina?

EDMUND.
I may as well tell you at once that I don't believe a single word of what people say about the affair.

BOREALL.
What do they say?

EDMUND.
A lady, seeing this portrait in our album, remarked, "I'll wager it was Mrs. Boreall who sent you that." She admired it immensely, and then began to laugh immoderately.

BOREALL.
She's a very amusing personage, no doubt.

EDMUND.
If what she said is true, it would be rather a funny thing.

BOREALL.
Yes, it would be funny.

EDMUND.
Very funny—but not for you.

BOREALL.
What do you mean by "not for me"?

EDMUND.
Because (*he stops to laugh*), my poor cousin—but with such a handsome face—stay—it was not right of me to repeat this conversation; say nothing more about it.

BOREALL.
No. Please tell me all about it.

EDMUND.
Then I should be a mischief-maker. Consider that I have said nothing. Let us go to dinner.

BOREALL.
Yes, to dinner. But still I should very much like to know.

EDMUND.
Why do you bother your head about it?

BOREALL.
Well, because—

EDMUND.
The soup will get cold. Come to dinner.

BOREALL.
A minute doesn't make much difference. I don't like soup too hot. So they gossip about Mrs. Boreall, a woman thirty-six years of age?

EDMUND.
That is often a dangerous period.

BOREALL.
A woman who has as much to look after as she has—to cook and attend to housework—can't be dangerous.

EDMUND.
That's what I said. No, you can't make me believe that Mrs. Boreall gets her husband out of the way to make the way clear for her lover.

BOREALL.
But the portrait?

EDMUND.
Just so. The busybodies say that it is that of that ridiculous hair-brained inventor—the countryman, you know. It is of course absurd; but it is on that account they believe it. Therefore you can afford to laugh. Why don't you laugh?

BOREALL (*trying to laugh*).
I do laugh.

EDMUND.
I'm sure you're not jealous.

BOREALL.
Oh, dear, no; but I shall be very glad to have this thing explained. Where is my hat?

EDMUND (*keeping him back*).
What! after all I have said to you, you are still suspicious?

BOREALL.
Not exactly suspicious, but still I am naturally concerned; but—

EDMUND (*holding him*).
Dinner's ready—come, come.

BOREALL.
Give me a quarter of an hour; the time passes quickly.

EDMUND.
The dinner will be cold. Can't you smell it—eh?

BOREALL (*sniffing*).
Yes, of course I do—that glorious turkey.
EDMUND (*pushing him by the shoulder towards the kitchen*).

And you would miss such a splendid feast? Smell again.

BOREALL.
I smell it; besides you are right—there ought not to be such reports about.

EDMUND (*still pushing him about*).
Now, once for all, take no notice of such things.

BOREALL (*completely dazed*).
I do despise them. I am satisfied.

EDMUND (*saturnally*).
Quite right, even when the man is enjoying a tête-à-tête with your wife.

BOREALL (*briskly*).
But that is if he is.
EDMUND.
Well spoken, old man. You are a philosopher.

BOREALL.
I should like to be a philosopher, but not a dupe.

EDMUND.
Oh, pshaw!

BOREALL.
I am going.

EDMUND.
Smell again.

BOREALL.
Much obliged, but please don't tempt me. I have a strange sort of feeling. I am in doubt. I don't know exactly what to do. My conscience tells me to go home.

EDMUND.
And your stomach tells you to remain.

BOREALL.
Yes.

EDMUND.
It is a fight between reason and appetite. Oblige me, cousin, and stay—a beautiful dinner, excellent wines, truffles blacker than ebony that you could cut with a penknife.

BOREALL (*firmly*).
No; my honor and courage are equal to the occasion.

LUCY (*who has entered during the last few minutes, stops BOREALL*).

Stay, cousin; my husband has been making fun of you.

BOREALL.
What!—and Agelina?

LUCY.
Is virtue personified.

BOREALL.
Is it true? I knew I had nothing to reproach her with except her cooking. But (*pointing to the album*) who is that man?

EDMUND.
That? why that's Coghlan.

BOREALL.
Coghlan of Wallack's?

EDMUND.
The same.

BOREALL.
But why did you speak of him?

EDMUND.
You told Lucy that this lady was Miss St. Clair of the Union Square.

BOREALL (*aside*).
She's told him. (*Aloud*) But what of that?

EDMUND.
That was my revenge. You threw a soubrette at my head.

BOREALL.
And you pitched a leading man at my legs. Ah! what a weight you've taken off my mind.

JANE (*enters with the turkey on a dish*).
Here, ma'am, is the turkey. Can I go out now?

LUCY.
Wait a little.

BOREALL.
The turkey? (*He looks interrogatively towards EDMUND, who turns his back; seeing that he is ignored, he says sadly:*) No, I'll not partake of it; that shall be my punishment. (*To the turkey, throwing it a kiss*) Good-bye, beautiful creature. (*To the young people*) Good-bye, my dear children. (*He is about to go.*)

EDMUND.
Cousin, haven't you forgotten something?

BOREALL (*looking about him*).
No, nothing. I have my hat and cane. What is it, then?

EDMUND.
The turkey.

BOREALL.
The turkey?
EDMUND.
It was the involuntary cause of our first quarrel. We shall dine better without it.
LUCY.
Oh, certainly.
EDMUND.
The turkey is yours.
BOREALL (*dropping his hat and cane*).
Heavens and earth!
EDMUND.
Go and eat it with your wife.
BOREALL.
There is still generosity in youth. And truffles—delicious truffles.
EDMUND (*to his wife*).
Now what is your penalty, you little rogue?
LUCY.
That shall be paid at dessert, false one.
BOREALL.
Dine alone, my dears, and expect me next Thursday, with a turkey—an immense turkey.
[THE END.]

PATIENT KITTY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I.

FRED RAYNOR and I were apprentices together, or what would have been called such in the good old times. We were in the house of Halland Brothers, general warehousemen, Gravel Street, City, and a very respectable house it was. There was nothing flashy about it; it was not what is nowadays genteelly called "enterprising," a city term which covers some strange doings, but it did a good business in a safe, old-fashioned way. Its customs were so old-world that the younger of the two partners always slept on the premises, instead of leaving at four or five o'clock at the latest, as others in his position do, for their villas in the country or by the sea. They made their money slowly, but very surely, as all folks must do who have a tolerably large connection, and are always getting discount for their ready money.

Our principals were, I believe, as kindly as they were honest; but in my humble sphere I was not at that time brought into much personal connection with them. The link between them and their employes was Mr. Raynor, my friend's father and their head clerk. He was as much respected by his inferiors as by the members of the firm; but I am not so sure that he was liked, so well at least, by the junior clerks. He never said in words, of course, that because he was virtuous it behoved us to have no cakes and ale, but his virtue was so very patent, and also, let me allow, at once so perfectly genuine, that it not only repressed all dissipation, but even suppressed the harmless ebullition of our youthful spirits. He had also the unpopular habit of applying for subscriptions under the name of "our mites," in aid of missionary enterprise both abroad and at home; of the discouragement of Sunday trading; of the abolition of the liquor traffic; and even of the purging of Great Britain from the crying sin and shame of tobacco-smoking.

We did not mind giving our fourpenny pieces, though that was sometimes inconvenient, half so much as having to write our names down, as was always insisted upon, in these charitable lists. He would thank us for our donations in the most earnest manner; but at the same time would reflect upon our handwriting, in which "he was surprised to find so little improvement, considering the experience

of which we had had the advantage during our engagement with Halland Brothers." At Clapham, where he lived, if not in the odor of sanctity, in an atmosphere of good report, he was President of its Teetotal Society, Vice-Chairman of its Band of Hope, Honorary Secretary of its Anti-Climbing Boy Association, and, in short, the working member of all its Benevolent Institutions. He often assisted them very liberally, considering his limited income, with his purse; but his gift of oratory was always at their service, and he poured it out in lecture hall, assembly and schoolroom in lavish profusion. In those days a free pass to the pit of a theatre was a great boon to us; but we did not so highly estimate even a platform ticket to a meeting in Zion Chapel, or in the Young Men's Improvement Hall, to hear old Raynor lecture. He was most generous in the distribution of these favors, and not to make use of the privileges thus offered to us was to give him great offense. Poor Fred led a sad life with some of us on this account.

"Confound you, Raynor! here's your governor sent me another ticket to hear him spout;" or, "I say, Fred, will you *guarantee* me a rise in salary at Christmas if I sacrifice myself this time?" It was very hard upon the poor young fellow, for, as he justly said, "Well, I can't help it, you know. It's a precious sight worse for me than for you. I have to go to *all* these things. I sometimes wonder whether anyone was ever preached to death."

He certainly suffered considerably; for whereas during the delivery of the old gentleman's addresses his eye only occasionally wandered to one or the other of us, it always made the wretched Fred its starting-point, and generally came back again to him after any peculiarly "powerful" appeal to our "nobler natures," as much as to say, "What do you think of *that*, you young reprobate? Did not that search your very marrow?" Not that poor Fred was a reprobate, but that he had a natural taste for pleasure of all kinds, and did not by any means count the listening to these improving discourses as a pleasure. But at the same time he revered his father most profoundly, and thought him not only one of the best men alive, but gifted with extraordinary talents. "It is my own fault," he used to say, "that I don't like his lectures. Everybody whose opinion is worth having tells me they are first-rate. It is sheer stupidity, I know, that makes me fail to see their merits; but, thank Heaven, I do understand how good the old governor is, down to his very boots."

In this artless manner Fred Raynor used to confess to me his faith in his parent; but the world at large was doubtless scarcely aware of the feelings that did such honor to the lad's nature. The reason of this confidence in my case was that Fred was what we in those days used to call "sweet upon" my sister Kitty. Of course the thing ought never to have been "dreamt of" (only young people have no command over their dreams), for Fred had but ninety pounds a year, paid monthly, and poor Kitty next to nothing at all; but they made a fool's paradise of their own, and lived in it. Fred's behavior under these circumstances was worthy of a better cause, or, at all events, of a more feasible one. The frugalities he practiced with the idea of eventually buying a furnished residence, and setting up housekeeping on a microscopic scale, were tremendous, and reminded me of the asceticisms of the cloister. He drank ginger-pop with his dinner instead of half-and-half; started an hour earlier from his home at Clapham every morning, on foot, that he might save his bus fare to the office, and always kept his gloves in his pocket save when in the company of his divinity. To be sure he would "break out" every now and then, as habitual drunkards are said to do after months

of abstinence, but by no means in the same way; he would indulge himself by buying some pretty little present for his darling, which gave her infinite pleasure save for the thought of the sum it must have cost him. But he always used to silence her by protesting that the money was "a windfall," and did not affect the great mass of his savings (about 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*) at all.

These windfalls grew to be pretty frequent after a little while, and with their frequency (though I did not associate the facts together very particularly at the time) I noticed that Fred, whose constitution was always delicate, got to have a thinner and more careworn appearance. Indeed, I remember saying on one occasion when he brought Kitty her first locket (and angered me by declining to accompany me to the play on the ground of having no money), that he looked as if he had starved himself to buy it. Moreover, when I did occasionally persuade him to go with me to any entertainment, he not only did not take the same interest in it as of yore, which I could understand from his love-lorn state, but he used to fall asleep during the best part of it, such as the ballet, which I really could not understand. It was bad enough for one's friend to fall in love, but that he should do so with one's sister was a double misfortune, and desolated me, as it were, both ways, for Kitty and I being orphans lived alone together; and her attentions, which should have been exclusively devoted to me, were divided between myself and Fred; while, as I have said, I lost my friend's companionship. This state of things went on for about a year—quite long enough to knit the two young people together very firmly, and to make me feel Fred to be quite "one of the family"—and then the bright little bubble burst. Mr. Jacob Raynor discovered what was going on, and stamped it out as though it had been the foot-and-mouth disease instead of the tender passion.

For my part, considering the great benevolence of his character, I thought it was done rather brutally. There was to be a total cessation of all intercourse; the lovers were not even to write to one another for two whole years, when Fred would come of age. After that, said the old gentleman, if his son was still blinded by his folly, he might take his own course, though it would never have his father's approbation. I confess it seemed to me that Fred showed some lack of spirit in submitting to such harsh conditions; for since he did not mean to give Kitty up, and was not in the end to have the paternal sanction, I could not see what advantage was gained by denying himself her society in the meantime. But his sense of duty, notwithstanding we felt sure that his employers would not have dismissed him for taking his own way in such a matter, forbade that course. He told me that he had expressed himself very strongly, though with great respect, to his parent, and that it had taken all he knew to prevent an immediate rupture. "It is my father's love for me," he said, "which makes him so inexorable, since he cannot believe that my happiness lies where it does; while as to making me an allowance on which I could marry, it is the simple fact that he has not a guinea to spare, so we must not be too hard upon the governor."

"He would have guineas to spare," said I bitterly (for I felt for poor Kitty), "if he did not throw them away upon the Ojibbeways and other unconverted tribes."

"Well, it is his own money, Frank," answered Fred gravely, "and he thinks he is doing good with it."

And Kitty of course took the same view of the affair as Fred did. She worked her fingers to the bone in making articles of fancy work (in which she had a very pretty taste), and disposed of them for such prices as she could get,

in order to have a little purse by the time those terrible two years should be over; and though I discountenanced her in so doing, I believe the constant employment saved her a deal of fretting. The toil too seemed to do her no physical harm; her blue eyes were as bright as ever, and her little mouth had always a cheerful smile for me that had far more of hope in it than of resignation. Her only happiness for the present, however (except what lay in looking forward), was, I verily believe, to hear me talk of Fred and his doings; how the dear creature looked, what he said (and, in the way of message, even how he said it), and how he kept up under his disappointment.

Now, as a matter of fact, I had very little to tell her; for though, of course, I saw Fred at the office, I saw him nowhere else. He would leave directly his work was over, and came in the morning as punctually as usual, but what he did with himself in the meantime I could not find out. From certain appearances, however, I had misgivings as to his course of life; he had a wan and dissipated air, and would sometimes fall asleep over his ledger, in a way that seemed to me to hint at very late hours overnight. I thought it quite possible, knowing his natural love of pleasure, that he had overrated his own strength of character, and was striving to drown his sense of disappointment and injustice in the usual manner. Young as I was, and not, I am afraid, of too strict principles myself, I thought it my duty, as Kitty's brother, to hint my suspicions, but Fred assured me that they were groundless.

"I have no heart, my dear fellow, just now," he said, "for any amusement, whether harmless or otherwise, and I find it best for me to be alone and at home."

I was bound to believe him, for I had never known Fred to tell a lie, but a week or two afterwards I had good reason to believe that he had deceived me. I was fond of a little gaiety myself, in which Kitty encouraged me—as I am now firmly persuaded, in order that she might have the more opportunities for sitting up to work, for when at home I would not permit it—and on a certain occasion I had been to the Adelphi Theatre. As I was walking home and passing the doors of a music hall, I could have taken my oath that I saw Frederic Raynor in the crowd that was emerging from it; the next moment I lost sight of him, but if I had spoken to him I could not have been more sure of his identity. He was at the office at the usual hour, looking very much as if after the music hall he had been at the cider cellars (as the late supper houses were called in those days), but of course I had no right to dictate to him as to how he should spend his evenings.

"So you were at 'the Harmonium,' my friend, last night," said I, half in banter, half in remonstrance.

"Indeed I was not," said he, looking me straight in the face, as was his custom. "I went home from the office, and remained there all the evening, except for half an hour when I went out—" he hesitated, then added, "on business."

Then somehow I felt, not because of the music hall, but because of his lying to me in that composed way, that Fred was going to the bad. At the same time I little guessed how very far he had advanced that way, and least of all the direction his erring steps had taken.

It was about six months after communication between Fred and my sister had been cut off, that for the first time since I had been in the employment of Halland Brothers, Mr. Jacob Raynor did not appear at his desk at his ordinary hour or rather minute, for he was punctuality personified. We all concluded that he was ill, particularly as Fred was also absent, but the cause of their non-appearance was, as it turned out, much worse than anything we

had imagined. Both the members of the firm were in their usual places, and when the time for closing arrived, word came to us that all the clerks were to remain, as there was something of importance to be communicated to them. Even then, few of us associated the matter with the Raynors, and perhaps one or two had qualms of conscience as to whether some peccadillo of their own more serious than common might not be the cause of so portentous an announcement.

I never saw Mr. Halland, the elder, so moved as when he began to address us.

"A great misfortune, my friends, has befallen us all" (we thought the house had failed). "Dishonesty, for the first time, as I believe, has crept in among us. One of our number, hitherto trusted on his own account, and much more so on account of his relationship to another, has betrayed his trust. It is easy to say that such a wretched termination of a career that promised so brightly should be a warning to us all; but it is an example bought at a dear rate indeed, at the cost (for one thing) of a father's misery. I left our dear and long-trying friend, Mr. Raynor, this morning well-nigh heart-broken; a man that will never be himself again. His son Frederic has falsified his accounts, with the object of procuring money, no doubt for the purpose of self-indulgence and dissipation."

What he said more I did not rightly understand, the announcement of Frederic's guilt fell on me like a blow and stunned me. I was pained and shocked upon my own account, for he had been my nearest friend, and until lately my most constant companion; but my great distress and wretchedness arose from the thought of poor Kitty. I pictured to myself how she would look that night when I should tell her, "Frederic is a thief: you must forget him."

I saw her large blue eyes staring at me in mute despair, and the work dropping from her little hands in horror—the work at which there was no need to toil in future, since he for whose sake she wearied herself had proved unworthy of her. Proved? No. It was not proved, and before that was done I would tell her nothing.

I asked to have a few words in private with my employers, a liberty which nothing but the urgent necessity of the case would have prompted me to do; for though I knew them to be just, their manners to their inferiors were somewhat austere, and I filled but a very humble place in their service. They gave permission at once, and I found myself alone with the two brothers. They looked at me very gravely; my impression is that, having perhaps heard of my intimacy with Frederic, they expected me to confess to some connivance with his evil deeds. This made me feel more embarrassed than ever; I stood speechless.

"What have you got to say, Mr. Clayton?" asked Mr. Halland coldly; "our time is precious."

"Sir," cried I, scarce knowing what I said, "I speak on behalf of another, of my sister Kitty, who was engaged to be married to Frederic Raynor. She loves him with all her heart, and you were talking of broken hearts. Oh, pray have mercy upon her. Do not pass sentence upon Fred unless you are quite sure."

The brothers exchanged significant glances with one another.

"This is very sad," said Mr. John (the younger) gently; "we did not know of it."

"No, sir," said I, "it was not talked about. Mr. Raynor disapproved of the match, but it was to take place next year, nevertheless."

"Ah, disobedience was to be expected of him," observed Mr. Halland. "Your sister, Mr. Clayton, has had a lucky escape."

"She will not think so, sir; and it will kill her."

"My poor lad," said the younger partner, laying his hand upon my shoulder, at which I burst into tears, though I strove to restrain them, "we are very sorry: sorry for her and sorry for you; you need not be ashamed of those tears, which do you honor."

"Frederic Raynor will not be punished," said Mr. Halland in a gentler tone; "or rather he will be left to the stings of his own conscience; for his father's sake, we shall spare him all public shame. He sails for Australia next week. In a new land and under new influence there is still a hope that he may make amends for his sinful—nay, his criminal—act, and become another man."

"Oh, sir, but are you quite sure he did it?"

"Yes, he confessed as much to my brother and myself this morning, and in his father's presence; it is a wonder that murder—paricide—was not added to his other crime, for I thought it would have killed the old man."

"It will kill Kitty," cried I, vehemently.

"No, no," said the younger brother; "it will not kill her, if, as we doubt not, she is a good girl. She will see that this young man is not worthy of her, and in the end will make a better choice."

"Can I see him, sir?"

"No, my lad; it is his own wish that he should see no one till he sets sail. An interview with him would only pain you, for I see you have a tender heart. We must forget him, that is the kindest thing to be done on all accounts; and above all things let no one speak of him to his father."

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

WHY is it that people boot a dog and shoo a hen?—*Bost. Transcript*.

How to lose flesh: Start a meat market and trust every one that comes along.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

MANY persons given to hitting the nail on the head find on investigation that the nail in question is the finger nail.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE discovery of the man who hung Emmet inspires a faint hope that we may yet find the fellow who struck Billy Patterson.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

LIGHT blue stockings are going to be the favorite color this fall, but a lady who doesn't intend to fall out of a cutter is not obliged to invest.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SHE was a stubborn woman, and when she died her husband planted a willow over her grave, so that even in death she might have a willow of her own.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

DR. BABCOCK having invented a machine that successfully disposed of water, gave himself up entirely to the disposal of whisky, and with such success that he is now one of the leading outcasts of California.—*Danbury News*.

THE phonograph has been so improved by Mr. Edison, we learn from the *Chicago News*, that it has sore throat, earache, measles, etc., and has in one instance raised a moustache. Here, perhaps, is your Democratic candidate for President.—*Buffalo Express*.

FOR BRIC-A-BRAC.

(RONDEAU.)

For bric-a-brac, despite your stare,
I must confess, I do not care;
I have no taste for plates with splash on,
For fabrics Indian or Circassian,
And in new-fangled fancies take no share.

A grand antique, new art's despair,
Looming athwart Time's distant glare,
Has nought in common with the fashion
For bric-a-brac.

For platters foul, for pitchers fair,
For brazen kettles worse for wear,
For dogs with eyes that flame and flash on,
For pots and pans I have no passion—
My lack of liking I declare
For bric-a-brac.

—Appleton's Journal.

A POLITICAL editor has pasted Kearney's profane harangue in his scrap-book and expects to hurl the entire mass of stuff at the opposition candidates this fall. —*Norristown Herald*.

THE total number of inhabitants of the globe is set down at 1,439,145,300, and out of all the millions only seven voted for Sammy Tilden for President on the final ballot. Talk about his popular majority. —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WE are pained to learn that the editor of the best family paper in Iowa scandalized the guests of a fashionable hotel at the dinner table the other day, by scratching his head with a fork. Now, then, gentlemen? —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A CHICAGO publisher has issued a book entitled "How to Become Plump." The old way, you remember, was to fall out of a third-story window and come down plump. The new method is less dangerous, but not so certain. —*Norristown Herald*.

IT is a solemn thought that every time your heart beats some immortal soul is born into this world of care and sorrow and toil and death, and every time "My Grandfather's Clock" is sung, some human being passes away to his eternal rest. —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

SIX years ago two young men in Philadelphia inherited from their father about \$80,000 each. Since that period one has died poor and the other is now driving a furniture cart for a living. The name of the daily paper they started is not given. —*Norristown Herald*.

WHEN you see your neighbor's small-boy fooling around the back-yard gate, and ominous sounds issuing from the dog-kennel, you can make up your mind that the aforesaid small-boy wants to pool issues with the dog to see whether the grape crop comes up to his previous peregrinations. —*N. Y. Express*.

PEOPLE in the rural districts wish the city sportsmen would stay at home and shoot at glass balls, pigeons, or something they can hit, and not be filling their barn doors with bird-shot in their endeavors to bring down the weathercock which they frequently mistake for a prairie chicken. —*Titusville Herald*.

THE man who sang, "I dreamed I was a boy again," was probably suffering from an attack of the nightmare that took him back and sent him galloping around the woodshed at the end of a piece of lath, after having been a running away from school to go to the woods and play Indian. —*Fulton Times*.

JUST while we think of it, why didn't the individual who invented the button-hole get up something equally durable to fit into it? We have yet to run across the first button that would hold out with half the persistency that the hole would. —*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

HE was just changing his shirt when he heard footsteps on the stair, and as there was not time to lock the door he crawled under the bed. The intruders were his sister and five girl friends, and during the next hour he learned all about how to cut fall wraps, but he has fallen a prey to silent sorrow all the same. —*Stillwater Lumberman*.

WHEN the modest young man is unexpectedly caught in a parlor full of women, one of whom has rougish eyes, and begins to try to think whether his hair is parted straight or not, the blushes start from his forehead, and creep over the top of his head, and down his back, until he feels like a nutmeg grater with a tin ear. —*Stillwater Lumberman*.

DENNIS KEARNEY has found a friend and indorser in Rev. I. S. Kalloch, of San Francisco. There is nothing surprising in the fact that Kalloch should indorse Kearney, that is about his calibre, but it would be amazing beyond expression if Kearney or anybody should speak a decent word for Kalloch. —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WE have often wondered why the god Pan always wore the legs of a goat when he was in full dress, but we suppose that it was so that he could stand on his head and thus thoroughly disguise himself when a neighbor with a shotgun came down the block, looking for the man who was playing the flute. —*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE New York *Herald* claims to have discovered that changes in the weather are almost invariably followed by a fearful outbreak of crime. We have noticed that a general and unaccountable—and we may say criminal—disappearance of umbrellas is usually preceded by barometrical depression. —*New Haven Register*.

KEARNEY is probably the worst case of a young Lochinvar that ever came out of the west; through all the wide border his screech was the worst, and save his loud yawp-yawp, he weapon had none, he rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone, because no man with any decency about him would be caught in the same car; so dirty his shirt and so loudly he snore, was there ever a snide like this young Lochinvar? —*Oil City Derrick*.

A PEDDLER has been sneaking around taking orders for an article of ladies' wear which he calls the Eureka Buzzum. At the will of the wearer it can be made to rise and fall like waves on a summer sea, and cannot be distinguished from the genuine article by the most cultivated touch. Fellow citizens! where is our Magna Charta? Where is the boasted palladium of our liberties? Have we no longer any rights that these confounded peddlers are bound to respect? —*Oil City Derrick*.

"HE loves her still," the title of a late novel tells us. Whoever he is, he's level-headed, and knows enough to appreciate the fact that if he didn't love her still—if he yelled out at the top of his voice when he called her "darling," and kicked over all the chairs in the parlor to show his devotion, very likely the old man would seize his garments near the end of the spinal column, and urge him to go and look at the outside of the screen-door by moonlight. —*Fulton Times*.

"KNOWLEDGE is power." Not always; the boy that gathers up his fishing tackle and empty basket as the sun is sinking in the west knows that his mother stands watching and waiting for him at the garden gate, and the knowledge that the kindling wood remains uncut is such a source of weakness to him that to march along and whistle "What is home without a mother?" is an utter impossibility. —*Yonkers Gazette*.

If it be the truth that Schuyler Colfax has read the Bible through twenty-two times, we have charity enough to suppose that somebody always changes his book-marks about the time he is nearing the story of Mr. and Mrs. Ananias. —*Brookville Democrat*.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH
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THE boy sat on the orchard fence,
His face was wreathed with woe;
To reach his home, far, far from thence,
Long miles he had to go.

Green apples that would fill a peck
He'd stowed within his hold;
And now, a writhing, tortured wreck,
Distressing to behold,

He called aloud, "Oh, Lordy! Lordy!"
But ah, he called in vain;
With vengeful grip old cholera morb
Just tied him up again.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A NEW YORKER has been arrested for having nine wives. He was merely laying in a stock of wives for the winter. He read in a paper a few weeks ago that "wives are becoming dearer," and he thought it would be wise economy to secure a few before they became too expensive. We hope the judge, however, will punish his marital greediness by sending him to the jail for two hundred and fifty years. No fair-minded gentleman would endeavor to create a "corner" in wives before Tilden and Dr. Mary Walker secured one. —*Norristown Herald.*

A WOMAN was yesterday seen hanging out some clothes in a yard on Macomb street when a boy looked over the fence and called out:

"Have you seen any mad dogs go by here, just now?"

"Mad dogs—mercy!" gasped the woman, and she threw four wet shirts on the ground in a heap and got into the house at four bounds.

The boy maintained his position, and after a few minutes the woman put her head out of the door and asked:

"Have you?"

"Noap," was the calm reply; "I guess the season for 'em has drawn to a close."

"You miserable boy! why did you alarm me so!" she exclaimed as she opened the door and stood on the step.

"Who's bin alarmed? I guess if I want to find a mad dog I've got a right to inquire if any has gone by, haven't I? You don't expect me to go 'n git out full-sheet posters and leave 'em at houses, do you, or pay for a double-column ad. in the *Free Press*? Humph! the idea that a boy can't jist inquire about mad dogs." —*Detroit Free Press.*

ALTHOUGH PUCK is not extravagant in the matter of clothes himself, he is a lover of well-dressed people, and nothing affords him greater satisfaction than the spectacle of ladies and children charmingly attired. Those, then, who wish to find favor in his sight should lose no time in visiting ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY, CORNER OF NINETEENTH STREET, where they can buy Paris cloaks and suits, together with those of American manufacture; also a choice collection of ladies' and children's furs, and real India camel's-hair shawls, and scarfs.

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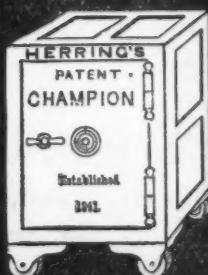
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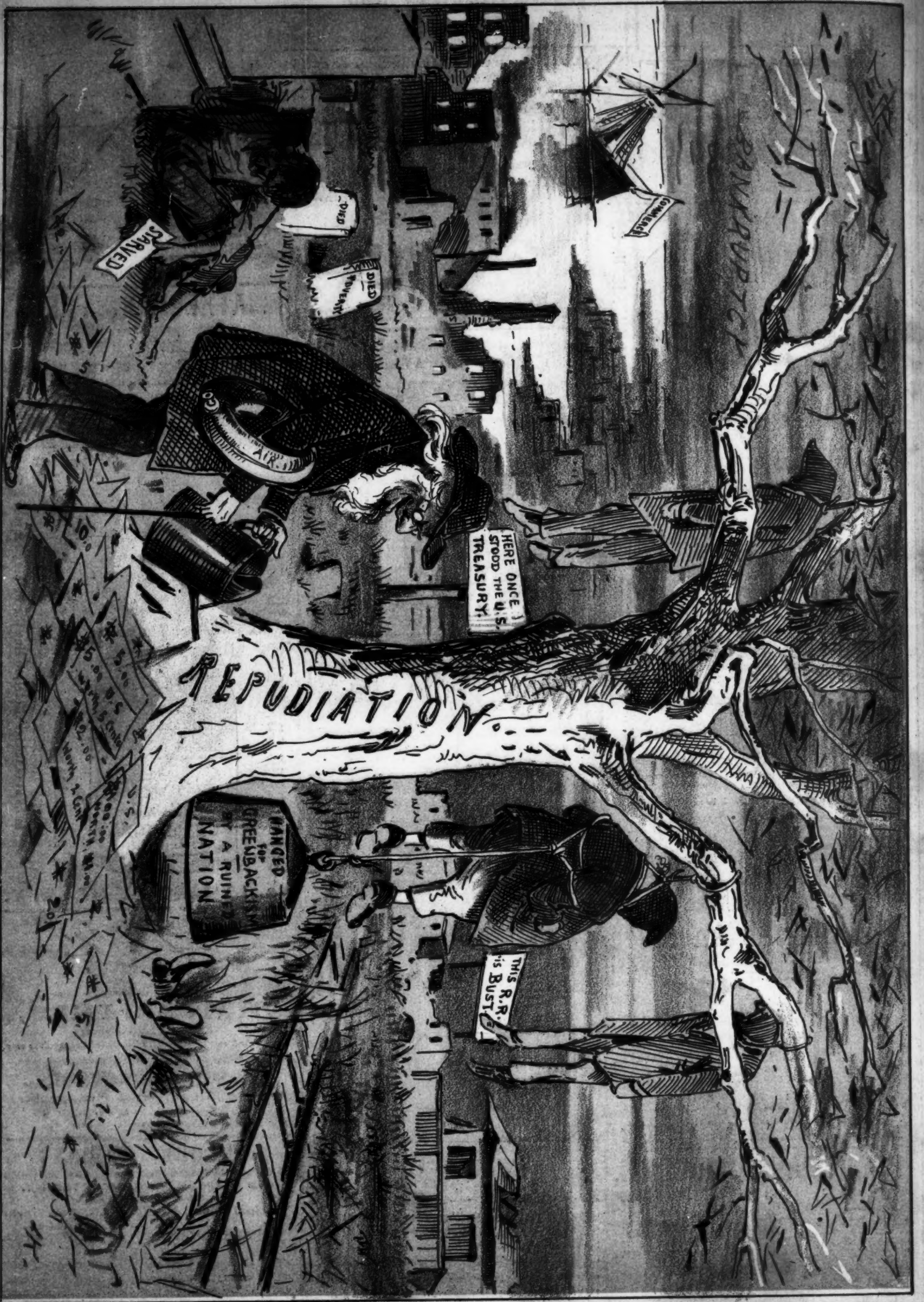
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